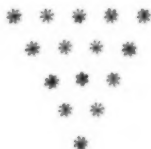


# The Literary Miscellany.

Nº. VIII.

CONTAINING

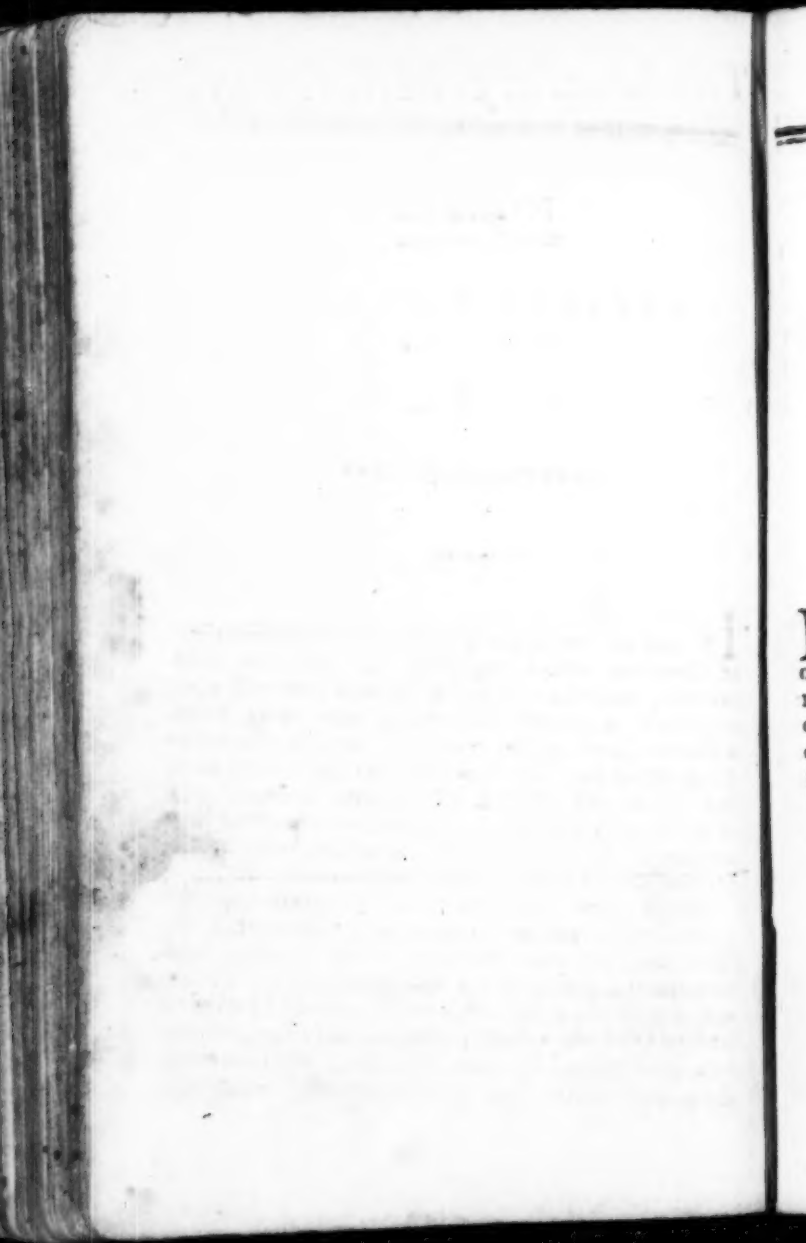
1. *Anningait and Ajut—a Greenland Story.*
2. *Sir Bertrand.—A Fragment.*
3. *A Lapland Ode.*
4. *The Power of innocence.*



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## ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.



### GREENLAND HISTORY.



**I**N one of the large caves to which the families of *Greenland* retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants *Anningait* and *Ajut*, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

*Anningait* for some time heard the praises of *Ajut* with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before *Ajut* the tail of a whale. *Ajut* seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear,

but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon *Anningait*, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that "She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of *Amaroc*, and rescue her from the ravine of *Hafgufa*." He concluded with a wish, that "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with *Ajut*, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that *Ajut* would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but *Ajut*, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employment.

*Anningait* and *Ajut* for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. *Anningait*, in the sight of his mistress,

lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage ; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice ; pursued the seals into the water ; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable ; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals ; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride ; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before *Anningait* had completed his store ; he therefore entreated *Ajut*, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. *Ajut* thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities.

“ O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the  
 “ the water, consider,” said *Anningait*, what  
 “ thou hast required. How easily may my  
 “ return be precluded by a sudden frost, or  
 “ unexpected fogs ; then must the night be past  
 “ without my *Ajut*. We live not, my fair, in  
 “ those fabled countries, which lying strangers  
 “ so wantonly describe ; were the whole year  
 “ is divided into short days and nights ;  
 “ where the same habitation serves for summer  
 “ and winter ; where they raise houses in  
 “ rows above the ground, dwell together from  
 “ year to year, with flocks of tame animals  
 “ grazing in the fields about them ; can travel  
 “ at any time from one place to another, through

“ ways inclosed with trees, or over walls raised  
 “ upon the inland waters; and direct their course  
 “ through wide countries by the sight of green  
 “ hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer,  
 “ we have no means of crossing the mountains,  
 “ whose snows are never dissolved; nor can re-  
 “ move to any distant residence, but in our boats  
 “ coasting the bays. Consider, *Ajut*; a few sum-  
 “ mer-days, and a few winter-nights, and the  
 “ life of man is at an end. Night is the time of  
 “ ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety; but  
 “ what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious  
 “ seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of  
 “ *Ajut*?”

The eloquence of *Anningait* was vain; the  
 maid continued inexorable, and they parted with  
 ardent promises to meet again before the night of  
 winter.

*Anningait*, however discomposed by the dila-  
 tory coyness of *Ajut*, was yet resolved to omit  
 no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore pre-  
 sented her at his departure with the skins of seven  
 white fawns, of five swans and eleven seals, with  
 three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a  
 large kettle of brass, which he had purchased  
 from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two  
 horns of sea unicorns.

*Ajut* was so much affected by the fondness of  
 her lover, or so much overpowered by his mag-  
 nificence, that she followed him to the sea-side;  
 and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished  
 aloud that he might return with plenty of skins  
 and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch  
 him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks  
 confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing  
 vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and  
 dejected, laid aside from that hour, her white

deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of *Anningait*. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, "that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the rain-deer; that his art might never err, and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the *Greenlanders* transport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work, which requires neither skill nor courage. *Anningait* was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O life," says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters

" beat it, the sun melts it above, and the rocks  
 " shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful  
 " pleasure ! but a sudden blaze streaming from  
 " the north, which plays a moment on the eye,  
 " mocks the traveller with the hopes of light,  
 " and then vanishes for ever ? What, love, art  
 " thou but a whirlpool, which we approach with-  
 " out knowledge of our danger, drawn on by  
 " imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all  
 " power of resistance and escape ? Till I fixed  
 " my eyes on the graces of *Ajut*, while I had  
 " yet not called her to the banquet, I was care-  
 " less as the sleeping morse, I was merry as  
 " the singers in the stars. Why, *Ajut*, did I  
 " gaze upon thy graces, why my fair, did I call  
 " thee to the banquet ? Yet, be faithful my  
 " love, remember *Anningait*, and meet my re-  
 " turn with the smile of virginity. I will  
 " chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resist-  
 " less as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as  
 " the summer sun. In a few weeks, I shall re-  
 " turn prosperous and wealthy ; then shall the  
 " roefish and the porpoise feast thy kindred ; the  
 " fox and hare shall cover thy couch ; the tough  
 " hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold ;  
 " and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwell-  
 " ing."

*Anningait* having with these sentiments con-  
 soled his grief, and animated his industry, found  
 that they had now coasted the headland, and saw  
 the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore  
 placed himself in a fishing-boat, called his as-  
 sociates to their several employments, plied his  
 oar and harpoon with incredible courage and  
 dexterity ; and, by dividing his time between  
 the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of  
 absence and suspicion.

*Ajut*, in the mean time, notwithstanding her  
 neglected dress, happened, as she was drying



some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of *Norngsuk* on his return from hunting. *Norngsuk* was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in child-birth, and his father, the most expert fisher of *Greenland*, had perished by two close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of *Ajut*, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. *Ajut*, refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of *Anningait*.

*Norngsuk*, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that *Ajut* would consult an *Angekkok*, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated *Angekkok* of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle obtained a promise, that when *Ajut* should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. *Ajut*, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and enquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of *Anningait*, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The *Angekkok* knew the way to riches, and foretold that *Anningait* having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and *Norngsuk* depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of *Greenland* is too powerful for the vir-

tue of a *Greenlander*; they forgot the merit and the presents of *Anningait*, and decreed *Ajut* to the embraces of *Norngjuk*. She entreated; she remonstrated; she wept, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which *Anningait*, had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that *Anningait*, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

*Ajut*, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, *Ajut* went down to the beach; where finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of *Anningait*, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that *Anningait* was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that *Ajut* was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues

to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed; and when a *Greenlander* would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like *Annigait* and *Ajut*.

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SIR B E R T R A N D.

A

FRAGMENT.

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—SIR Bertrand turned his steed towards the woods, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracts; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to push forwards, but at length the encreasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him;

the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his—He dropt it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—a deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault—he went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of

which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast: delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honors by

courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words ;

*Aiken.*

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A

L'APLAND ODE.

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*It is a custom with the northern lovers to divert themselves with a song, whilst they journey through the fenny moors to pay a visit to their mistresses. This is addressed by the lover to his rein-deer, which is the creature that in that country supplies the want of horses. The circumstances which successively present themselves to him in his way, are, naturally interwoven. The anxiety of absence, the gloominess of the roads, and his resolution of frequenting only these, since those only can carry him to the object of his desires; the dissatisfaction he expresses even at the greatest swiftness with which he is carried, and his joyful surprise at an unexpected sight of his mistress as she is bathing, seems beautifully described in the following*

O D E.

“ **H**ASTE my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go  
Our am’rous journey through this dreary waste;  
Haste, my rein-deer! still, still, thou art too slow,  
Impetuous Love demands the lightning’s haste.



“ Around us far the rushy moors are spread  
Soon will the sun withdraw his chearful ray :  
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,  
No lay unfuog to cheat the tedious way.

“ The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors  
Does all the flow'ry meadow's pride excel ;  
Through these I fly to her my soul adores ;  
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

“ Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,  
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires ;  
Fly my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind,  
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

“ Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,  
And thou, in wonder lost, shall view my fair,  
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,  
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

“ But lo! with graceful motion there she swims,  
Gently removing each ambitious wave ;  
The crouding waves transported clasp her limbs ;  
When, when, oh when shall I such freedoms  
have !

“ In vain, ye envious streams, so fast ye flow,  
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze :  
From ev'ry touch you more transparent grow,  
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.”

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THE  
POWER OF INNOCENCE.

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**W**HEN first the nuptial state we prove,  
We live the happy life of love :  
But when familiar charms no more  
Inspire the bliss they gave before,  
Each less delighting, less is lov'd ;  
First this, then that, is disapprov'd :  
Complacence flies—Neglect succeeds ;  
Neglect Disdain and hatred breeds.

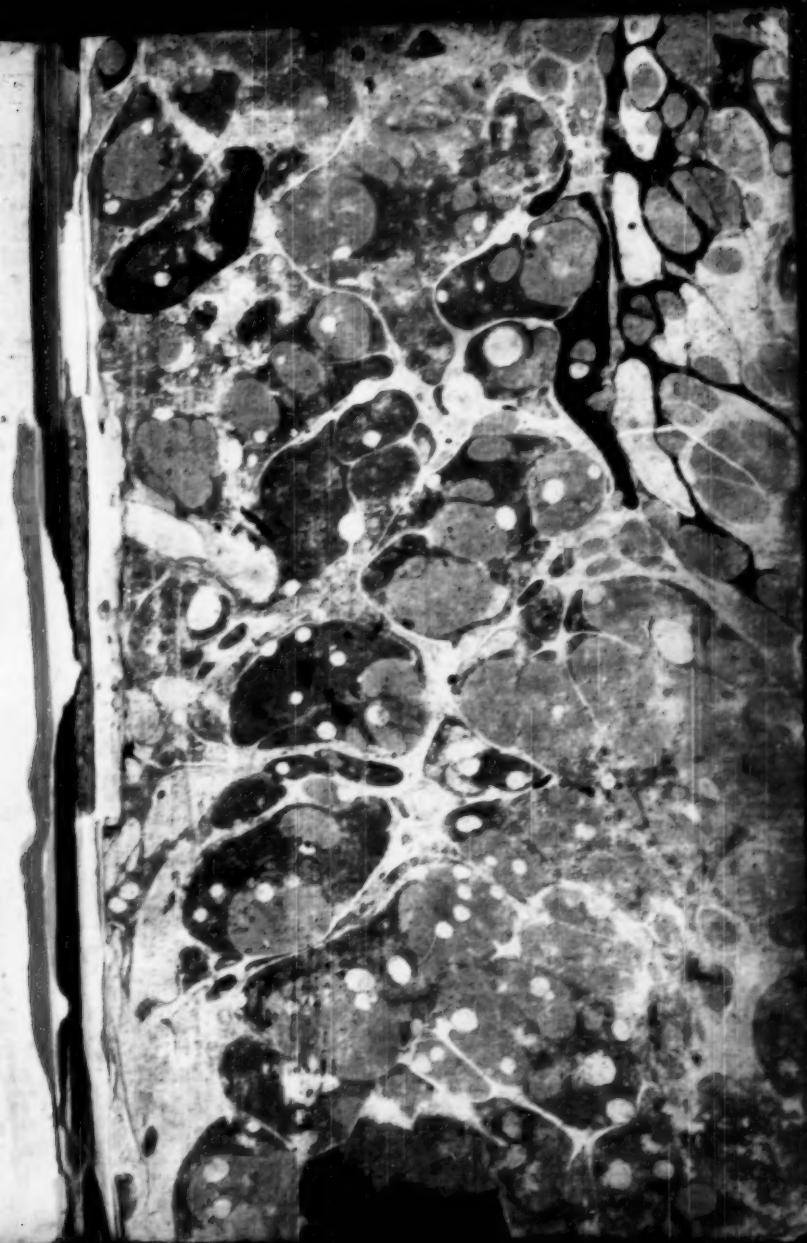
'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd  
The joys to love and be belov'd,  
At length fell out for trifling things—  
From trifling Anger mostly springs.  
The wish to please forsook each breast,  
Love's throne by thoughtless Rage possess'd.  
Resolv'd to part—they'd meet no more !—  
Enough—the chariots at the door.

The mansion was my lady's own ;  
SIR JOHN resolv'd to live in town.  
Writings were drawn—each clause agreed ;  
Both vow'd they'd ne'er recal the deed.  
The chariot waits—why this delay ?  
The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,  
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more ;  
The father's, mother's darling, she  
Now li' d and prattled on each knee.  
SIR JOHN, when rising to depart,  
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,  
And cry'd with ardour in his eye,  
" Come BETSEY, bid Mamma good-bye."  
The lady, trembling, answer'd, No :  
" Go kiss Papa, my BETSEY, go.  
The child shall live with me," she cry'd :  
" The child shall choose," SIR JOHN reply'd.  
Poor BETSEY look'd at each by turns,  
And each the starting tear discerns.  
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,  
" Will you not live with me my dear ?"  
" Yes"—half resolv'd, reply'd the child ;  
And, half suppress'd her tears, she smil'd.  
" Come BETSEY," cry'd SIR JOHN, you'll go,  
" And live with dear Papa, I know,"  
" Yes," BETSEY cry'd. The lady then  
Address'd the wond'ring child again :—  
" The time to live with *both* is o'er  
" This day we part, to meet no more !  
" Choose then"—here grief o'erflow'd her breast,  
And tears burst out, too long suppress'd.  
The child, who tears and chiding join'd,  
Suppress'd Papa displeas'd, unkind ;  
And try'd, with all her little skill,  
To sooth his oft-relenting will.  
" Do cry'd the lisper, " Papa ! do  
" Love dear Mamma—Mamma loves you !"

Subdu'd the source of manly pride,  
No more his looks his heart bely'd :  
The tender transport forc'd its way ;  
They both confess'd each other's sway ;  
And, prompted by the social smart,  
Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart ;  
Each clasp'd their BETSEY o'er and o'er ;  
And Tom drove empty from the door.

Ye that have passions for a tear,  
Give nature vent, and drop it here.



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